

MARVEL

#1

THE
THUNDER

GENERATIONS

AARON
ASRAR
BELLAIRE

THE MIGHTY THOR®
THE UNWORTHY THOR®



THE VANISHING POINT

AN INSTANT APART!

A MOMENT BEYOND!

LOOSED FROM THE SHACKLES OF PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE—
A PLACE WHERE TIME HAS NO MEANING!

BUT WHERE TRUE INSIGHT CAN BE GAINED!

MAKE YOUR CHOICE! SELECT YOUR DESTINATION!

THIS JOURNEY IS A GIFT...

THE PRINCE OF ASGARD, THE YOUNG AND HEADSTRONG ODINSON, IS DESTINED TO ONE DAY WIELD THE HAMMER MJOLNIR AS THE GOD OF THUNDER. BUT FIRST, HE MUST PROVE HIMSELF WORTHY. UNTIL THEN, HE DEFENDS THE PEOPLE OF MIDGARD, ESPECIALLY THOSE KNOWN AS VIKINGS, WITH THE AX JARNBJORN AT HIS SIDE.

THE UNWORTHY THOR

DR. JANE FOSTER MET ODINSON MILLENNIA AFTER HE EARNED THE HAMMER, AND THEY BECAME LOVERS, THEN FRIENDS. BUT WHEN A WHISPER COST ODINSON HIS HAMMER, JANE HEARD MJOLNIR'S CALL, FOR THERE MUST ALWAYS BE A THOR. NOW, DESPITE THE CANCER THAT IS KILLING HER MORTAL FORM, SHE DEFENDS THE REALMS AGAINST ALL ENEMIES.

THE MIGHTY THOR

THOR CREATED BY
STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER
& JACK KIRBY



ART BY
OLIVIER COIPEL
& JASON KEITH

GENERATIONS

THE THUNDER

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JASON AARON
WRITER

MAHMUD ASRAR
ARTIST

JORDIE BELLAIRE
COLOR ARTIST

VC's JOE SABINO
LETTERER

MAHMUD ASRAR &
JORDIE BELLAIRE
COVER ARTISTS

OLIVIER COIPEL & JASON KEITH;
DAS PASTORAS; ALEX ROSS;
JACK KIRBY & PAUL MOUNTS;
DALE KEOWN & JASON KEITH

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

SARAH BRUNSTAD
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WIL MOSS
EDITOR


TOM BREVOORT
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PRESIDENT

ALAN FINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

 **MANY YEARS AGO.**
THE WEAPONS HALL
OF ASGARD.

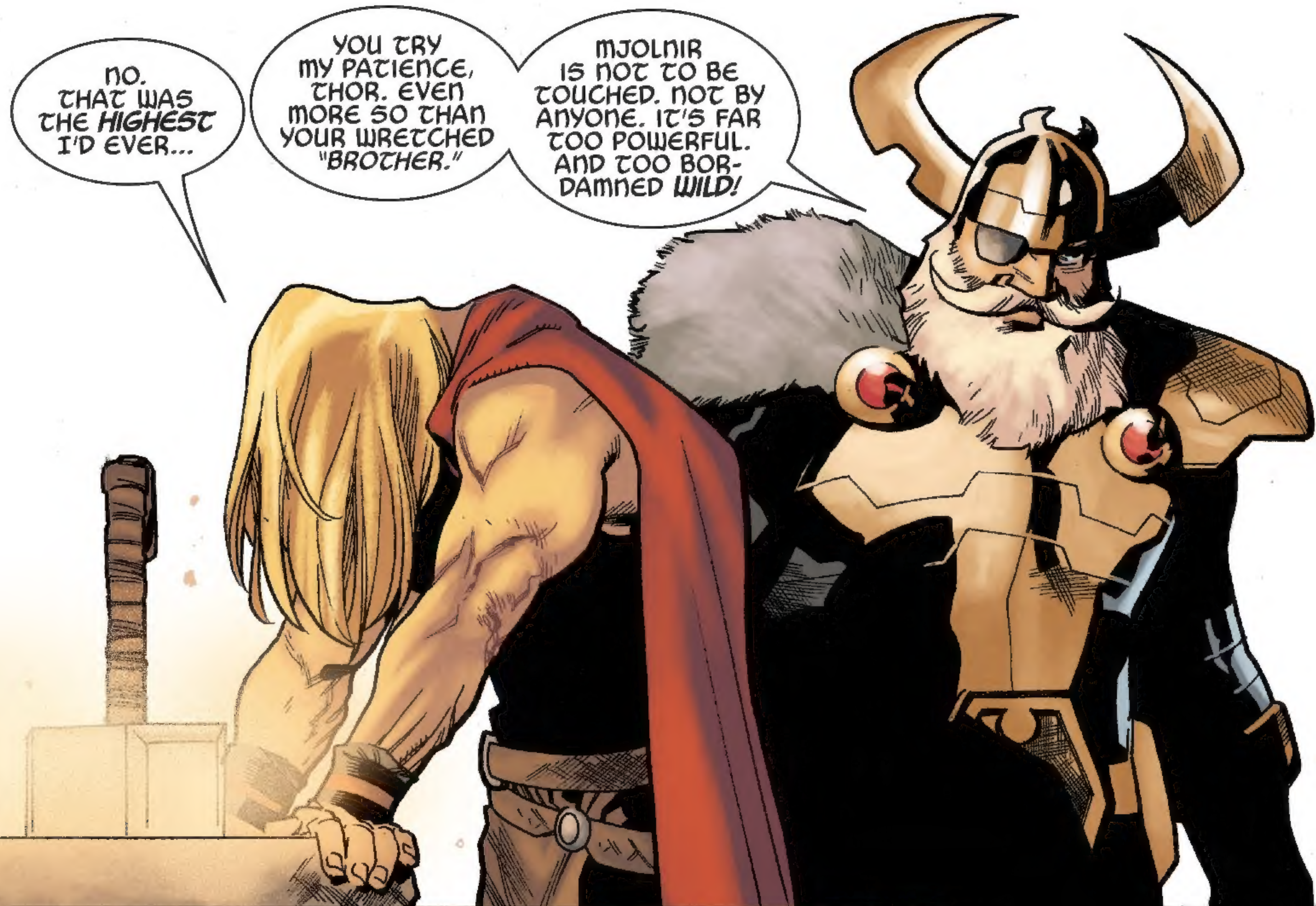
RRGGGH!!!
YES!

AT LAST!
THE HAMMER...
RRGGH...IS
OFF THE
PEDESTAL!

NOW IF I
CAN JUST...
LIFT IT HIGH
ENOUGH
TO...

THOR!

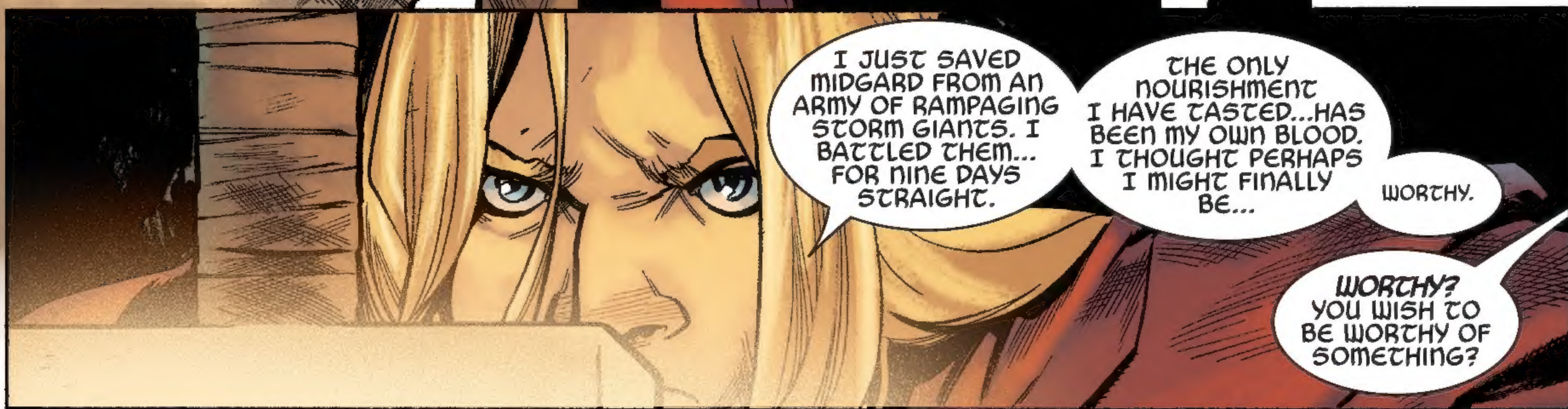




NO.
THAT WAS
THE **HIGHEST**
I'D EVER...

YOU TRY
MY PATIENCE,
THOR. EVEN
MORE SO THAN
YOUR WRETCHED
"BROTHER."

MJOLNIR
IS NOT TO BE
TOUCHED. NOT BY
ANYONE. IT'S FAR
TOO POWERFUL.
AND TOO BOR-
DAMNED WILD!



I JUST SAVED
MIDGARD FROM AN
ARMY OF RAMPAGING
STORM GIANTS. I
BATTLED THEM...
FOR NINE DAYS
STRAIGHT.

THE ONLY
NOURISHMENT
I HAVE TASTED...HAS
BEEN MY OWN BLOOD.
I THOUGHT PERHAPS
I MIGHT FINALLY
BE...

WORTHY.

WORTHY?
YOU WISH TO
BE WORTHY OF
SOMETHING?

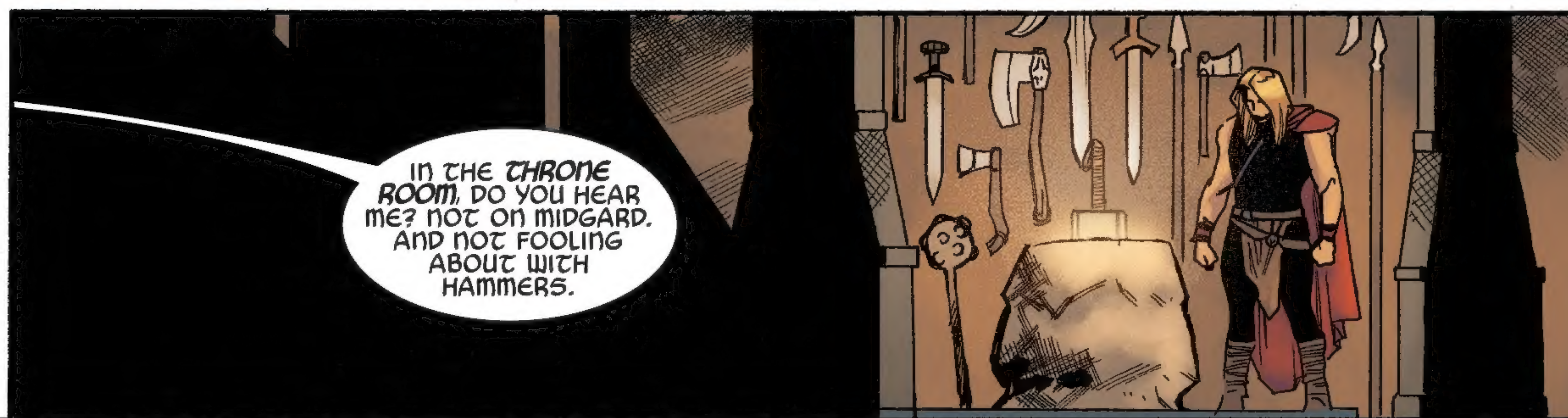


BE WORTHY
OF ME, BOY! BE
WORTHY OF BEING
THE PRINCE OF
ASGARD!

LOOK AT YOU,
DRESSED IN **RAGS**.
YOU SPEND SO MUCH
TIME ON MIDGARD, YOU'RE
STARTING TO **LOOK** LIKE
ONE OF THOSE
FILTHY BEASTS!



WE ARE
RECEIVING A
DELEGATION FROM VANAHEIM
THIS MORN. AND YOU WILL
BE THERE, LOOKING LIKE
AN ODINSON FOR
ONCE.



IN THE **THRONE ROOM**, DO YOU HEAR
ME? NOT ON MIDGARD.
AND NOT FOOLING
ABOUT WITH
HAMMERS.

"AND DRESS
IN YOUR **FORMAL
WEAR**, OR THERE
WILL BE HELL TO
PAY, I PROMISE
YOU!"



RGH.
FORMAL
WEAR.

I HATE THE
DAMN FORMAL
WEAR.



YOU THERE.
BRING ME MEAD.
ALL THE MEAD
YOU CAN CARRY.

AH, SORRY, MY LORD THOR,
BUT, AH, WE'VE BEEN TOLD
NOT TO SERVE YOU MEAD
UNTIL AFTER THE
RECEPTION.

AH,
ALL-FATHER'S
ORDERS.

PLEASE
DON'T KILL
ME.



NO HAMMER.
NO MIDGARD.
NO MEAD. THE
OLD ONE-EYED
BASTARD IS
RUINING ALL
MY FUN.

WHAT NEXT,
NO RIDING GOATS
OR HEARING...



PRAYERS.



BY YMIR'S
FROZEN BEARD,
WHERE ARE
THESE BLASTED
VANIR?

THEY'VE
JUST ARRIVED,
SIR. THEY'RE AT
THE BIFROST
NOW.

BEST SEND
SOMEONE TO FETCH
THEM, LEST THEY GET
FRIGHTENED BY THE
SIGHT OF BUILDINGS
AND INDOOR
PLUMBING.

THOR! GO
GREET THESE
BACKWOODS GODS
AND BRING
THEM...



THOR?

WHERE
THE HEL IS
MY SON?!



THE PRAYER THAT SOARED
ACROSS THE HEAVENS
TO THE EARS OF THE
THUNDER GOD... WAS A
PRAYER OF DESPERATION.



A PRAYER FROM
MIDGARD.

FROM ONE OF THOR'S
MOST DEVOTED
OF FOLLOWERS.



ONE OF THOSE FEARSOME
WARRIORS OF THE NORTH
KNOWN AS THE VIKINGS.

FAR HAD THEY SAILED FROM
THEIR HOMES IN THE NORDIC
LANDS. FARTHER THAN THEY
HAD EVER SAILED BEFORE.

ALL THE WAY TO THE
GREATEST RIVER IN
ALL THE WORLD.

THE NILE.

THERE THEY FOUND A STRANGE LAND. UNLIKE ANYTHING THEY HAD EVER SEEN.



AND THEY DID AS VIKINGS DO.



WAAAAARGH!

BUT THE LAND WAS FAR FROM UNDEFENDED.



ODIN'S BEARD.

THOR, HEAR MY PRAYER. GRANT US YOUR STRENGTH TO FACE WHAT... WHATEVER THAT IS.



STRENGTH WAS WHAT THEY PRAYED FOR. BUT THOR WAS FEELING PARTICULARLY GENEROUS THAT DAY.



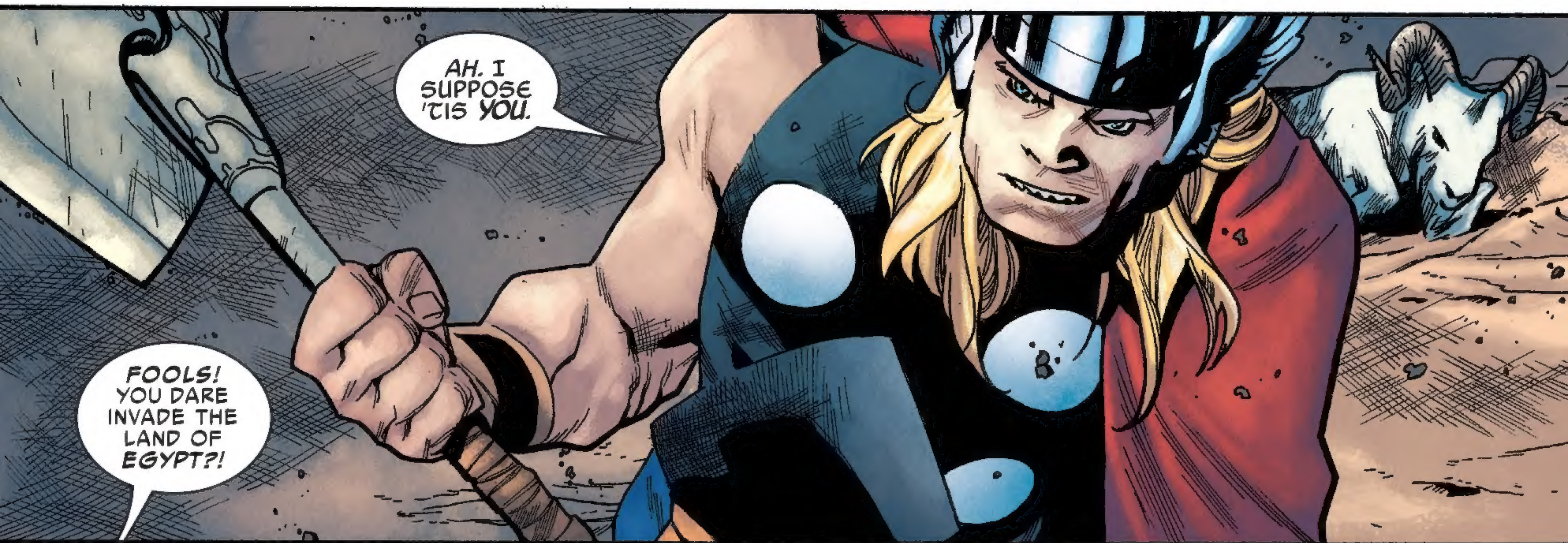
SO DIVINE
INTERVENTION
WAS WHAT THEY
RECEIVED.

YOU PRAYED!
AND THE MIGHTY
THOR HAS
ANSWERED!

NOW
TELL YOUR
LORD OF LIVING
THUNDER, WHO
IS HE TO
SMITE?



GAAAGH!



AH, I
SUPPOSE
'TIS YOU.

FOOLS!
YOU DARE
INVADE THE
LAND OF
EGYPT?!



THE LAND
OF EN SABAH
NUR?!

YOU
HAVE CROSSED
THE WORLD, ONLY TO
DIE IN THESE
SANDS...

...AT
THE FEET OF

APOCALYPSE!



WARRIORS
OF CLAN
AKKABA!

WELCOME
THESE WOULD-BE
INVADERS TO OUR
HOLY LAND!







WHAT JUST HAPPENED? I WAS WITH THE AVENGERS, AND THEN--

YOU!

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAMMER?

ODINSON?



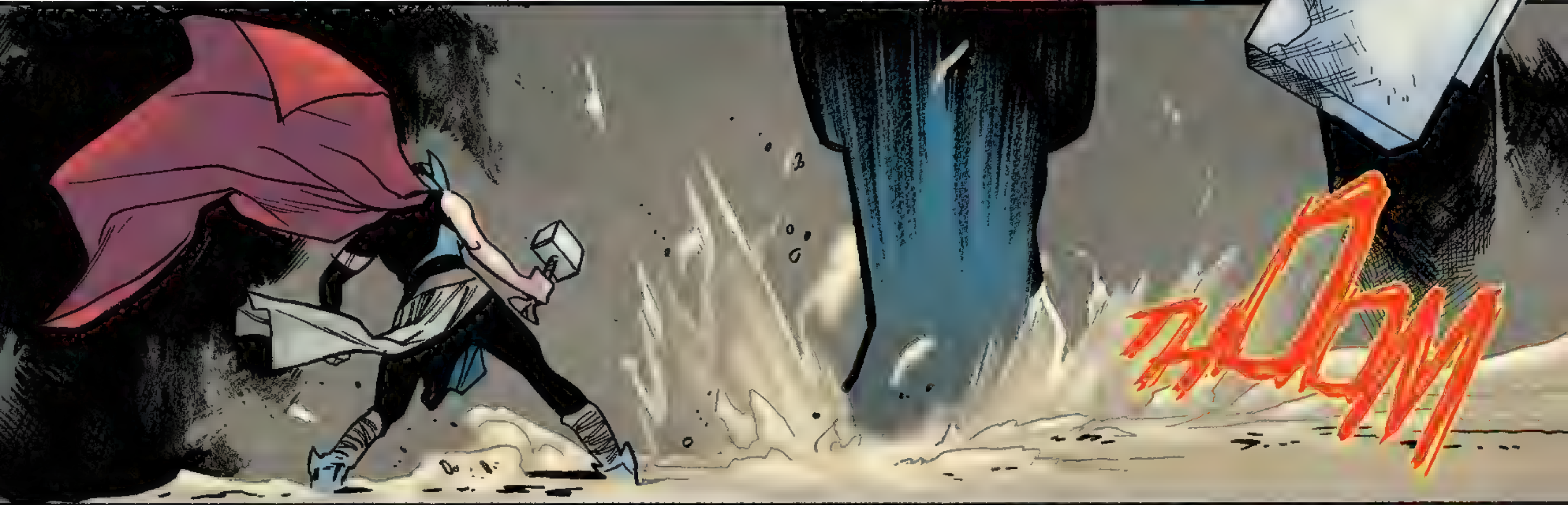
THE NAME IS THOR. WHO ARE YOU?

I AM... ALSO CALLED THOR.

A WOMAN THOR? DO NOT BE RIDICULOUS.

DID MY FATHER SEND YOU HERE TO TORMENT ME? IS THAT WHY YOU ARE HOLDING MY BIRTHRIGHT?

my MJOLNIR?





WHAT IS THIS? NOW THOR BRINGS HIS CONCUBINE INTO BATTLE?

THIS IS PATHETIC. EVEN FOR AN ASGARDIAN.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THAT HAMMER?

AYE. A MITE.



THEN I SUGGEST YOU USE IT ON HIS FACE, REPEATEDLY.

I WAS HAVING VERY SIMILAR THOUGHTS.

AND WHAT MJOLNIR DOES NOT PUMMEL, YOUR AX JARINJORN IS WELCOME TO CLEAVE.

THAT DOOTH SOUND LIKE A PLAN.

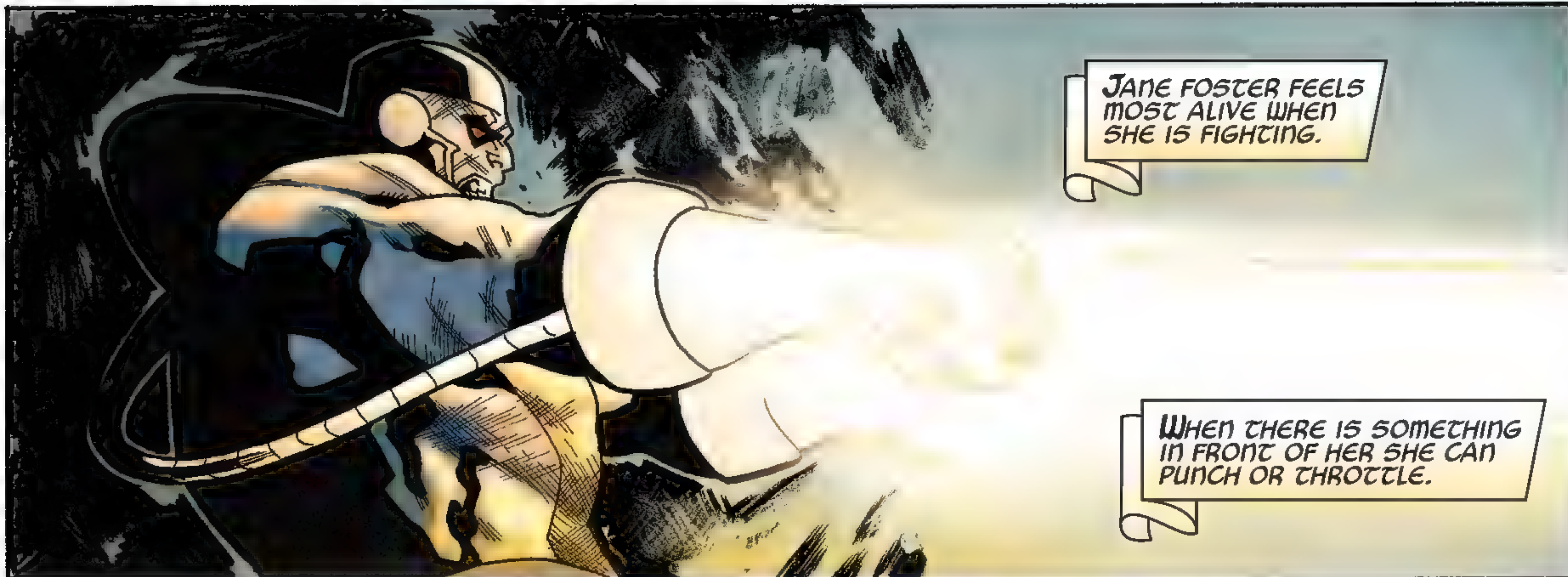


FOR ASGARD!

FOR ASGARDIA!

WHAT SAYEST--

NEVER MIND! JUST SMITE!



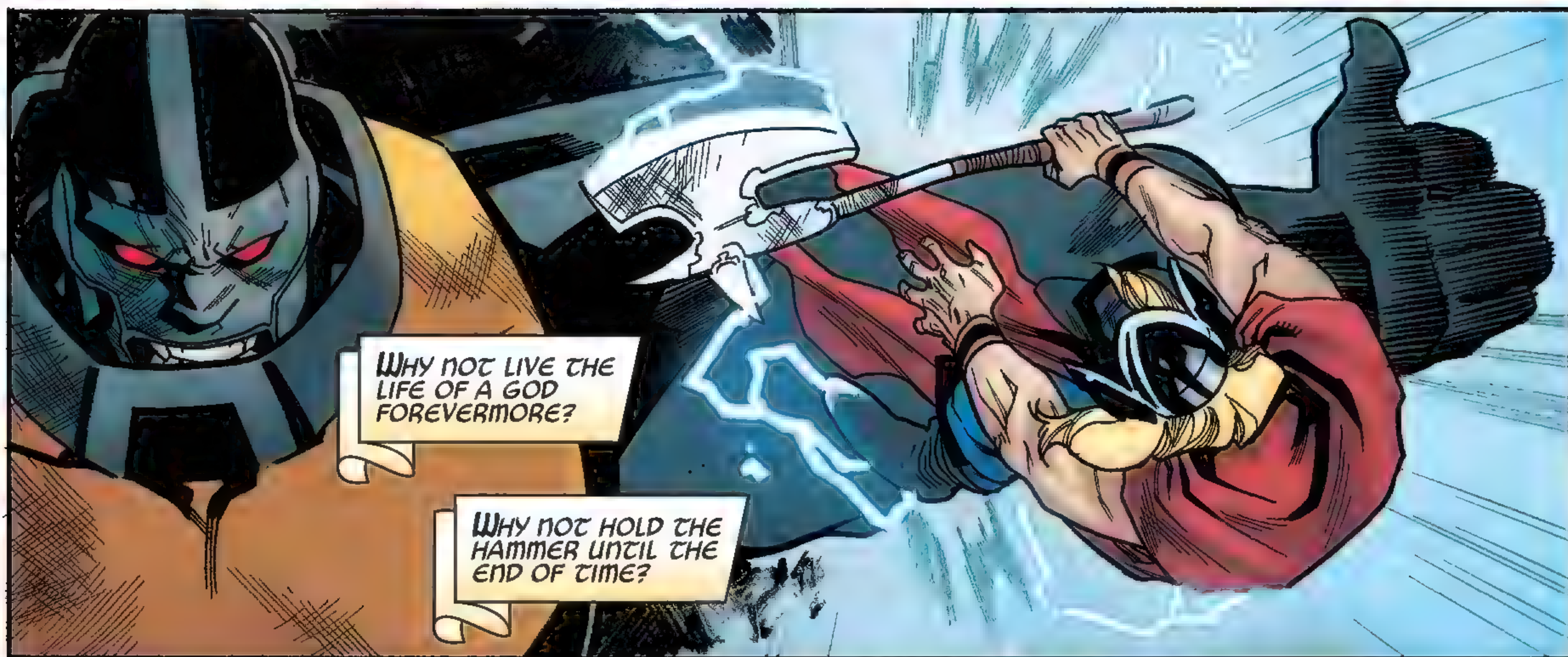
JANE FOSTER FEELS
MOST ALIVE WHEN
SHE IS FIGHTING.

WHEN THERE IS SOMETHING
IN FRONT OF HER SHE CAN
PUNCH OR THROTTLE.



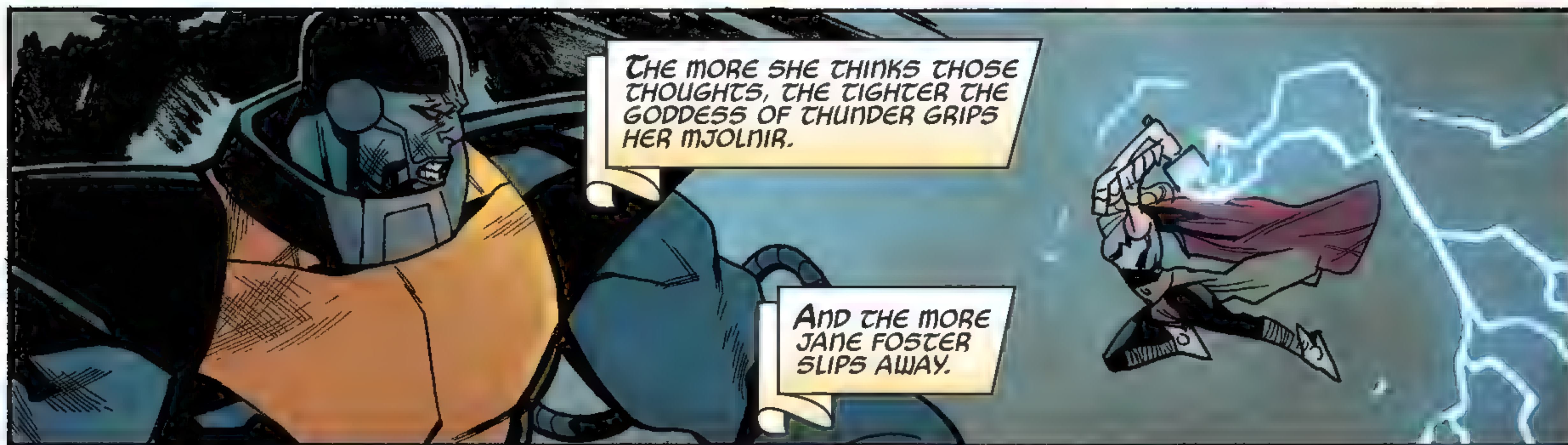
FOR SHE CANNOT
THROTTLE THE CANCER
THAT IS RAVAGING HER
HUMAN FORM.

AND RECENTLY SHE HAS
BEGUN TO WONDER...IF
SHE SHOULD BOTHER
HAVING A HUMAN FORM
AT ALL.



WHY NOT LIVE THE
LIFE OF A GOD
FOREVERMORE?

WHY NOT HOLD THE
HAMMER UNTIL THE
END OF TIME?



THE MORE SHE THINKS THOSE
THOUGHTS, THE TIGHTER THE
GODDESS OF THUNDER GRIPS
HER MJOLNIR.

AND THE MORE
JANE FOSTER
SLIPS AWAY.



THERE'S TOO DAMN MANY OF THESE INFERNAL DEVILS! AND THEY'RE ALL IMBUED WITH THEIR BLUE GOD'S WIZARDRY!

WE NEVER SHOULD'VE COME HERE! WE NEVER SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO--

BAH!



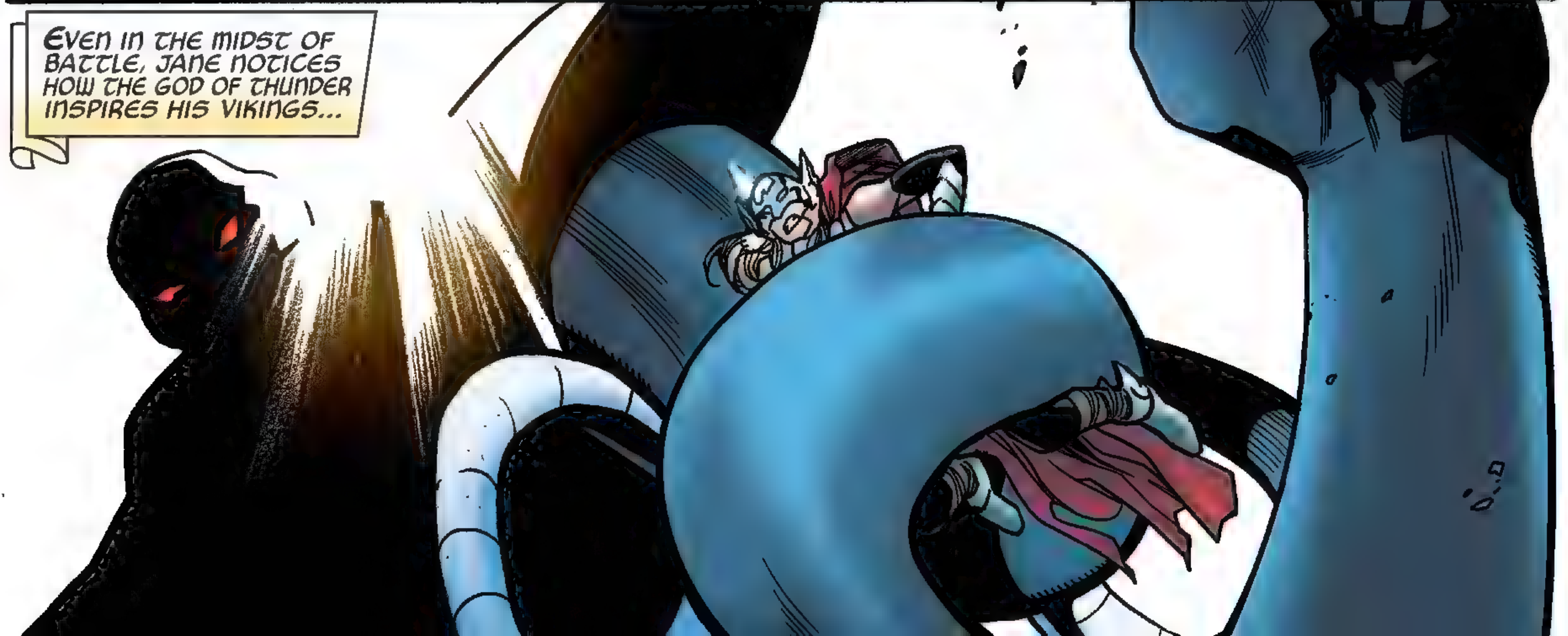
THEIR GOD DOESN'T EVEN CARRY AN AX!

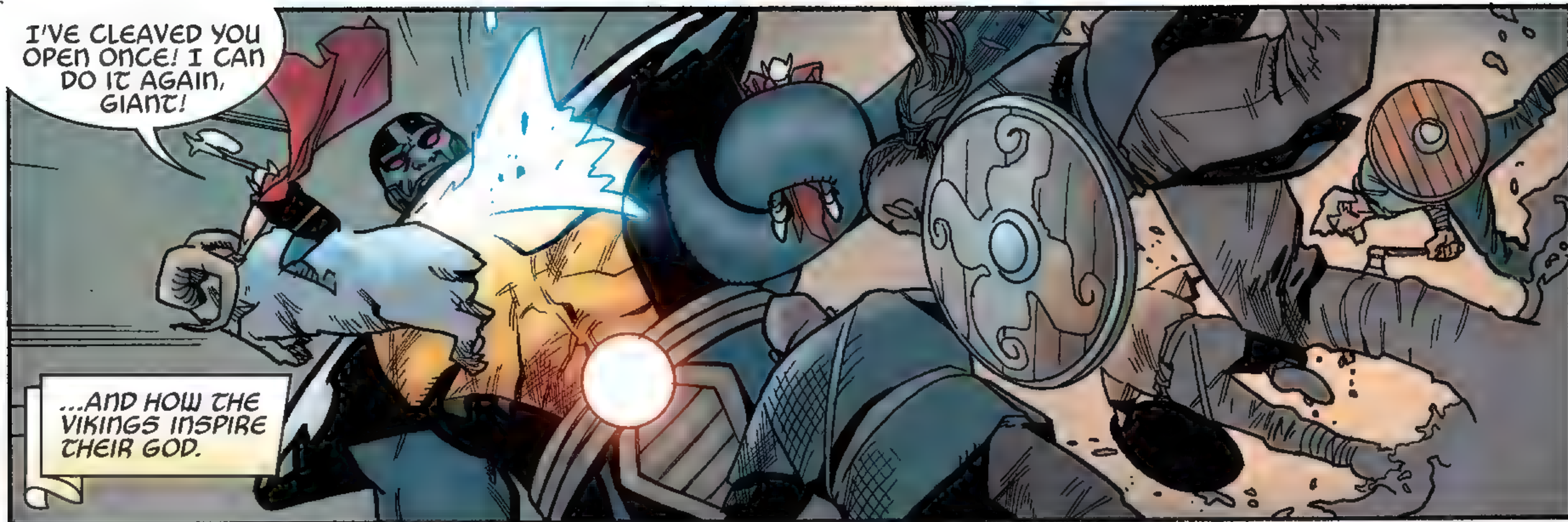


NOR WILL HE DRINK LUDICROUS AMOUNTS OF MEAD WITH HIS FOLLOWERS IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD, AFTER THEY'VE DIED GLORIOUSLY IN BATTLE.



BUT THOR WILL.





I'VE CLEAVED YOU OPEN ONCE! I CAN DO IT AGAIN, GIANT!

...AND HOW THE VIKINGS INSPIRE THEIR GOD.



WHAT IS A THOR WITHOUT ROOTS IN MIDGARD? PERHAPS...

...THAT IS NO KIND OF THOR AT ALL.

OOF!

WELL, WELL, WELL... A SHIELD-MAIDEN WIELDING MIGHTY MJOLNIR.

AREN'T YOU A STRANGE LITTLE VISAGE.





LOKI?

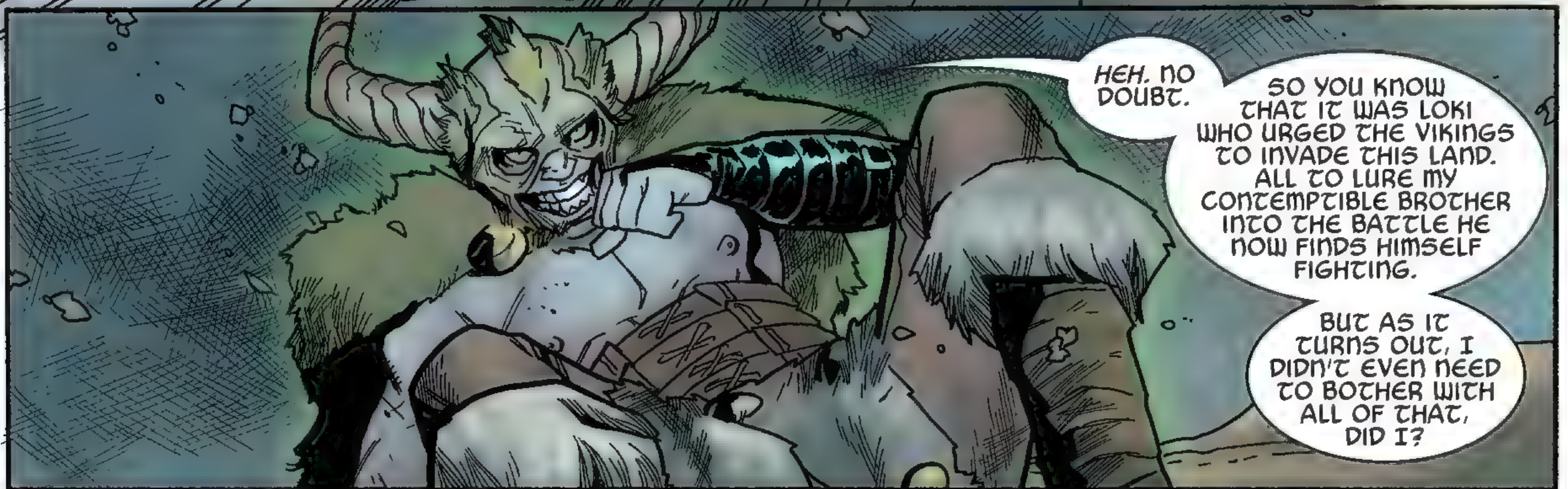
YOU HAVE
ME AT A RARE
DISADVANTAGE.
YOU KNOW ME,
YET I KNOW
YOU NOT.

TELL ME
YOUR *NAME*, FAIR
LADY, AND PERHAPS
I WILL DEIGN TO
DIVINE YOUR *FUTURE*
FOR YOU.



I KNOW
MY FUTURE.
AND *YOURS*.

SO
KNOW THAT
THIS IS FULLY
JUSTIFIED.



HEH. NO
DOUBT.

SO YOU KNOW
THAT IT WAS LOKI
WHO URGED THE VIKINGS
TO INVADE THIS LAND.
ALL TO LURE MY
CONTEMPTIBLE BROTHER
INTO THE BATTLE HE
NOW FINDS HIMSELF
FIGHTING.

BUT AS IT
TURNS OUT, I
DIDN'T EVEN NEED
TO BOTHER WITH
ALL OF THAT,
DID I?



SEEING YOU
WITH THAT HAMMER
IN HAND WILL NO DOUBT
KILL HIM BEFORE
EVEN APOCALYPSE
CAN.

MANY
THANKS, MY LADY.
UNTIL OUR PATHS
CROSS AGAIN...



WHEN OUR
PATHS CROSS
AGAIN, YOU WILL
SORELY REGRET
IT, PRINCE OF
LIES.

BUT UNTIL
THEN...



I KNOW
ANOTHER VILLAIN
IN DESPERATE
NEED OF
PUMMELING.



AND SO THE
BATTLE RAGED.

AND THE LAND OF
EGYPT SHOOK
FROM SKY TO
SAND.

ONE ENRAGED THOR IS ENOUGH
TO CRUSH AN ARMY OF TROLLS
OR A HORDE OF DRAGONS OR
MORE GIANTS THAN THERE ARE
WHISKERS IN ODIN'S BEARD.

TWO THORS?

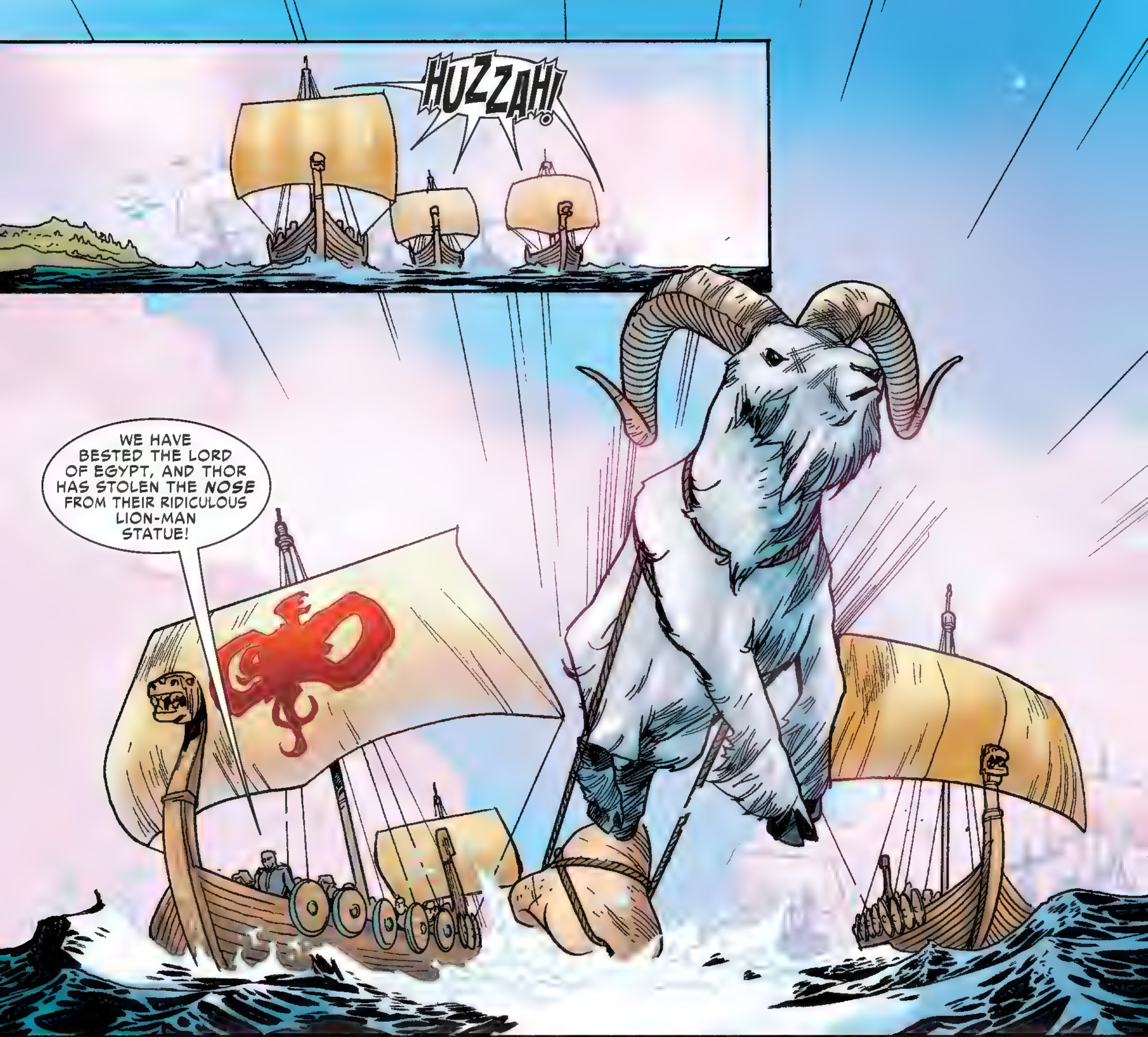
WHAT IN ALL THE REALMS
CAN HOPE TO STAND
BEFORE THE RAGE OF
TWO THORS UNITED?





NOT APOCALYPSE.

NOT ANYTHING.





MY FATHER DID NOT SEND YOU.

YOUR FATHER AND I...HAVE NEVER SEEN EYE TO EYE.

THEN IT WOULD SEEM WE HAVE MORE THAN A NAME AND A LOVE OF HAMMERS IN COMMON. WHO ARE YOU?



A FRIEND. FROM A DIFFERENT TIME.

HOW DID YOU LEARN TO CARRY THAT HAMMER?

BY WATCHING YOU.



ME? BAH. I CAN BARELY EVEN LIFT IT OFF THE PEDESTAL.

NEVERTHELESS, YOU PERSIST. AND I KNOW WHY.



YOU DO IT FOR THEM.

HMPH. THEY ARE BUT VIKINGS. I KNOW VERY MANY VIKINGS.

'TIS NOT YOUR DIVINITY THAT WILL MAKE YOU THE GOD YOU ARE DESTINED TO BECOME, YOUNG THOR.



'TIS YOUR HUMANITY. NEVER FORGET THAT.

YOU'RE TOTALLY GOING TO FORGET THAT.

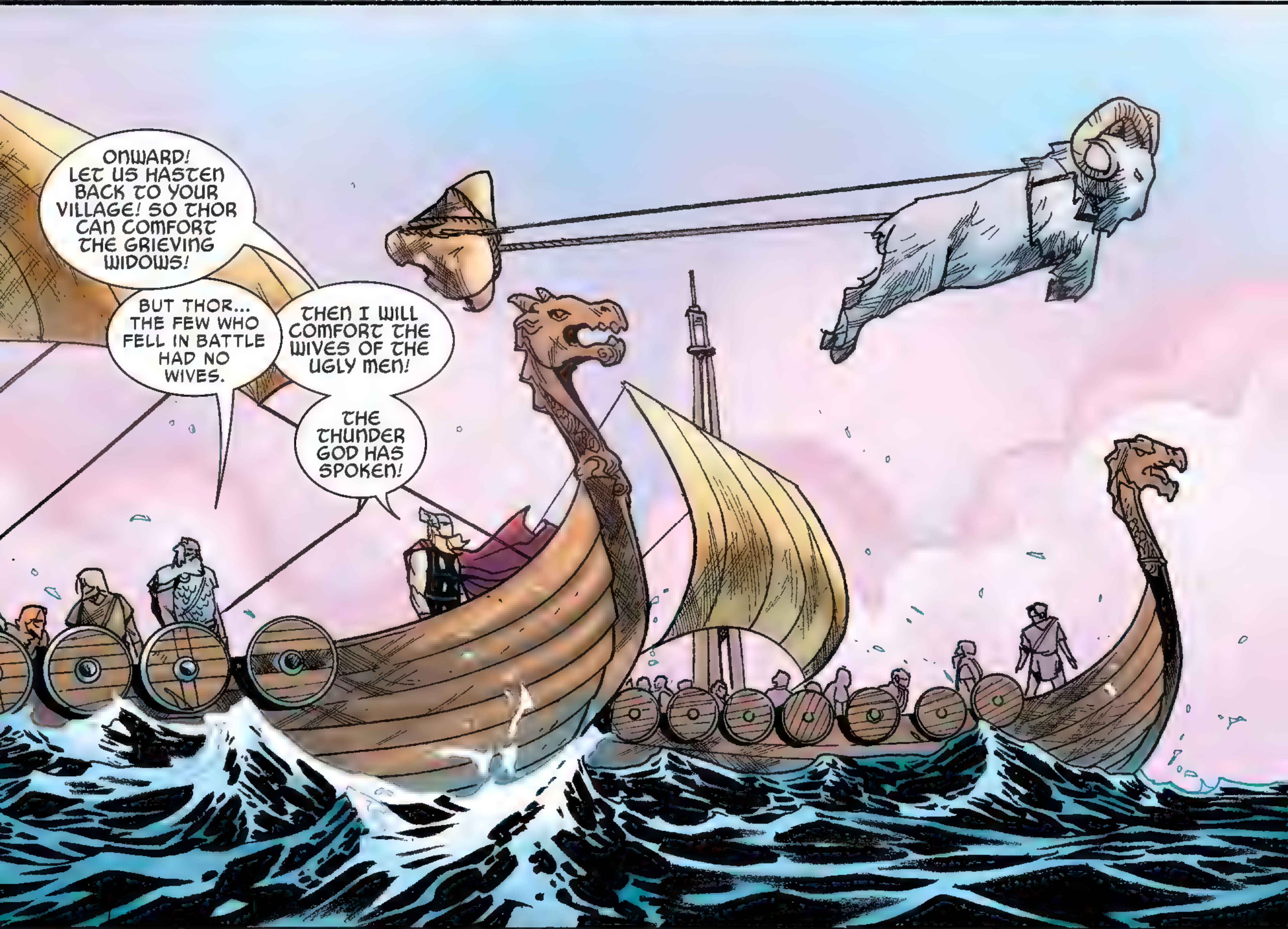
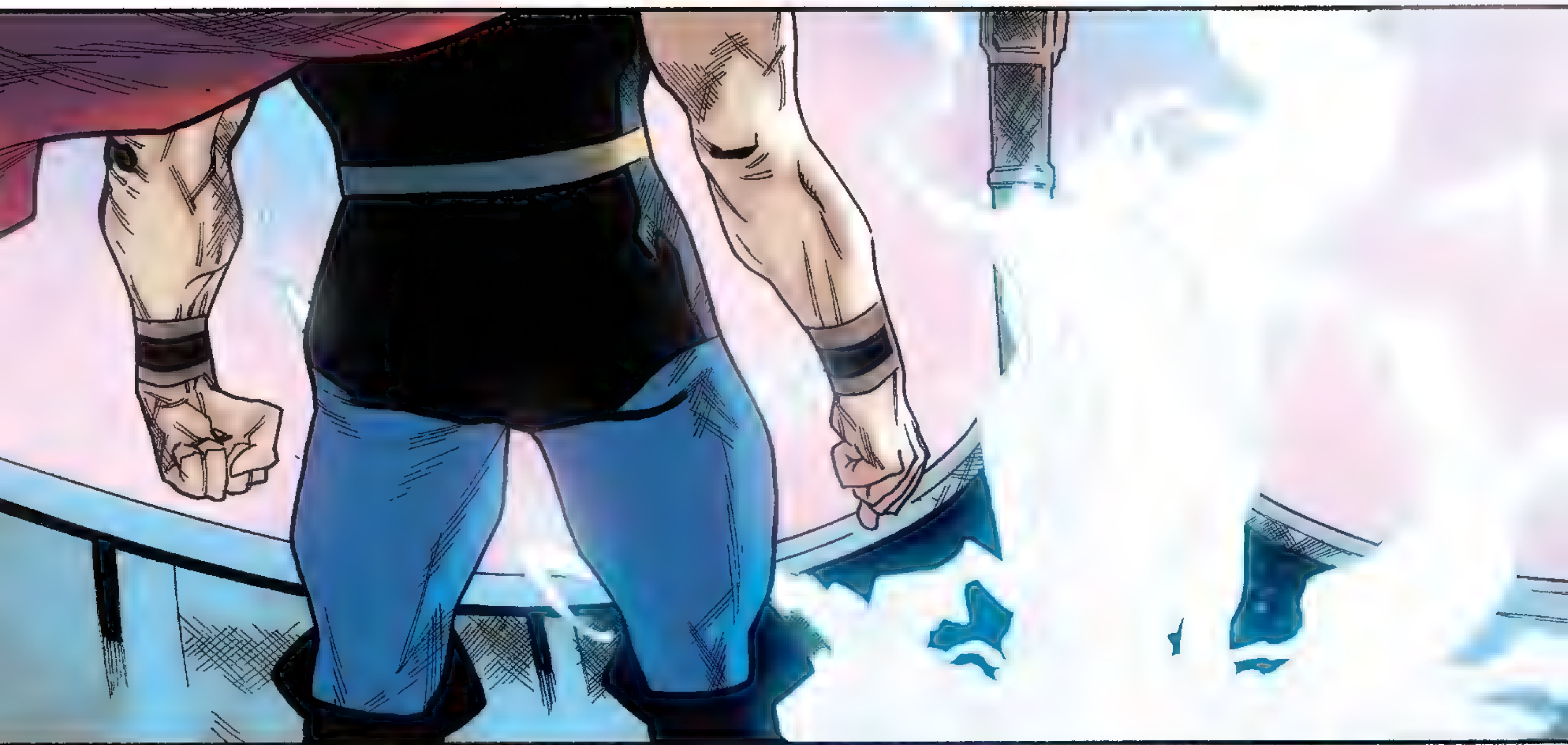
I PLAN ON DRINKING UNTIL I FORGET ALL OF THIS.

THAT IS A VERY HUMAN THING TO DO.



BUT BEFORE YOU START, LET ME SAY THANK YOU.

THANK YOU FOR REMINDING ME...WHY I SHOULD NEVER LET GO. AND WHY I MUST--

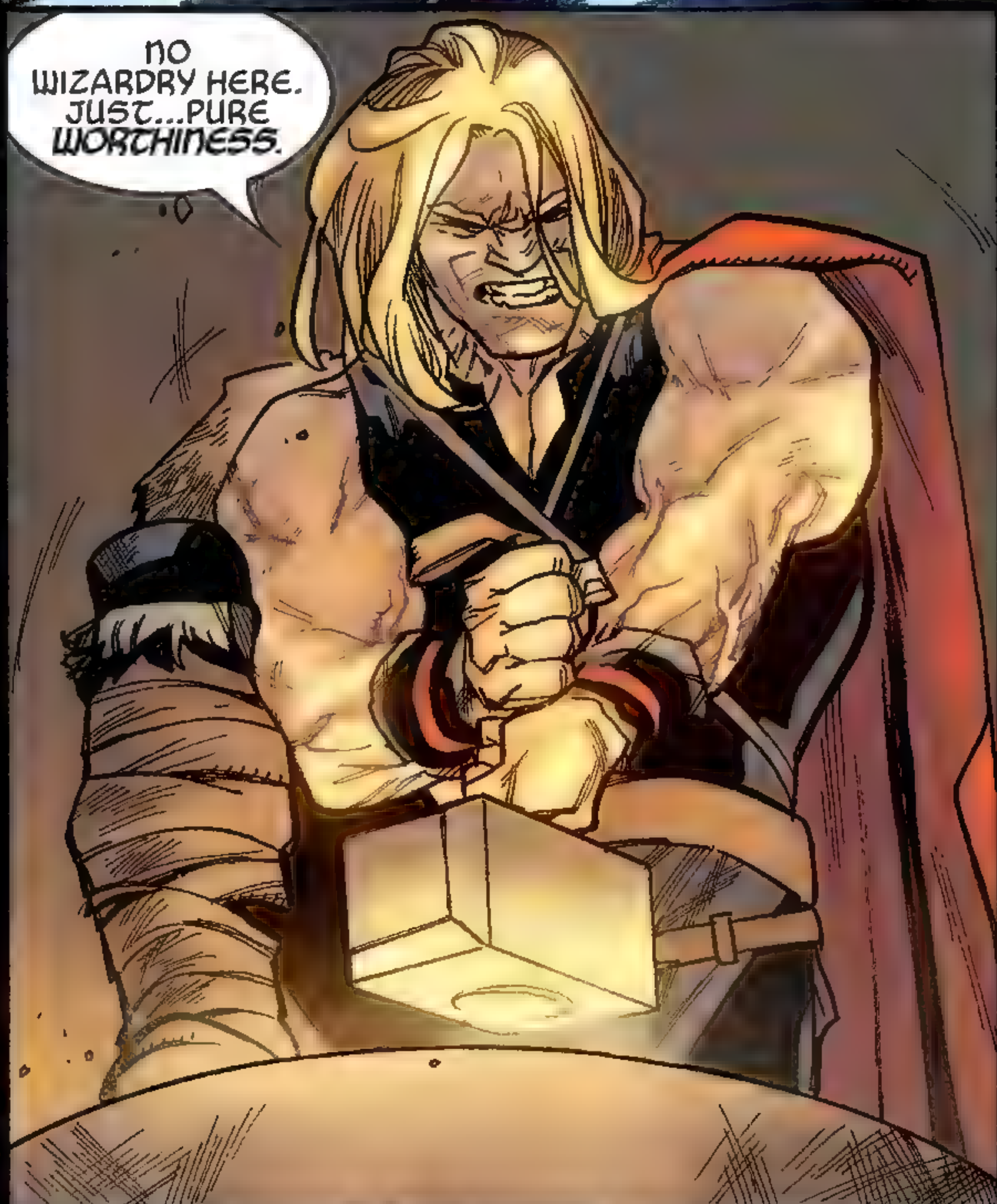


"RRRGGGH!"



HIGHER. IT IS DEFINITELY... HIGHER OFF THE PEDESTAL THAN YESTERDAY.

NO WIZARDRY HERE. JUST...PURE WORTHINESS.



HA! BEHOLD... HIGH ENOUGH OFF THE PEDESTAL FOR... A FROG TO HOP BENEATH.

A... SMALL FROG, PERHAPS.

THE MIGHTY THOR WILL BE SWINGING THIS HAMMER IN NO TIME!



"THE BOY WILL NEVER LEARN."



IN MY
EXPERIENCE,
BOYS NEVER
DO.



EVEN
IMMORTAL
ONES.

IT WAS
DIFFERENT
IN MY DAY. MY
SIRE, BOR, WAS
A BRUTAL
TYRANT.

I SWORE I
WOULD NEVER
BE LIKE HIM AS
ALL-FATHER.

BUT IT TURNS
OUT BATTLING
TROLLS AND FIRE
GIANTS IS NOTHING
COMPARED TO
DEALING WITH
MINE OWN
CHILDREN.



THIS
IS FASCINATING.
TRULY. BUT WHY HAVE
YOU CALLED ME HERE
TO SPEAK OF THIS?
DON'T YOU HAVE
WIVES FOR SUCH
THINGS?

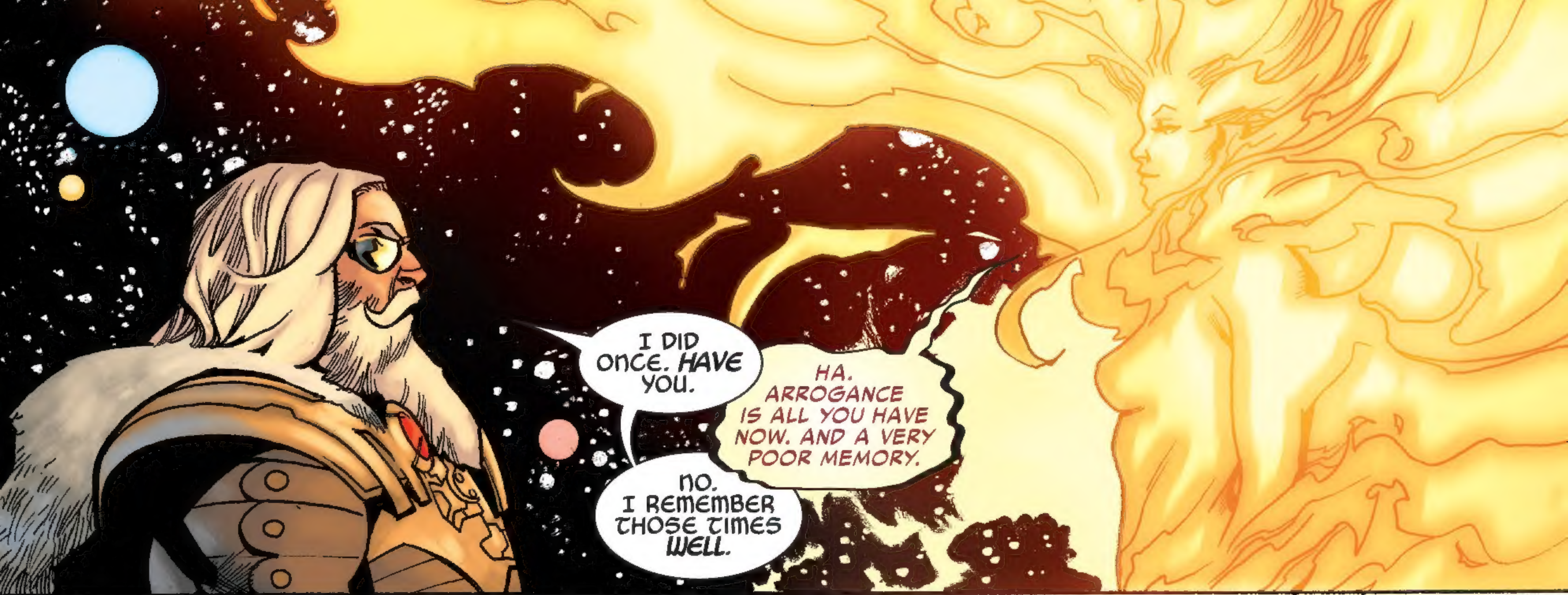
AYE.
I HAVE A
FEW.

BUT
NONE LIKE
YOU.

NO, I
EXPECT NOT.
AND YOU NEVER
WILL, ODIN.



FOR THERE
ARE NO OTHERS
LIKE THE
PHOENIX.



I DID
ONCE. HAVE
YOU.

HA.
ARROGANCE
IS ALL YOU HAVE
NOW. AND A VERY
POOR MEMORY.

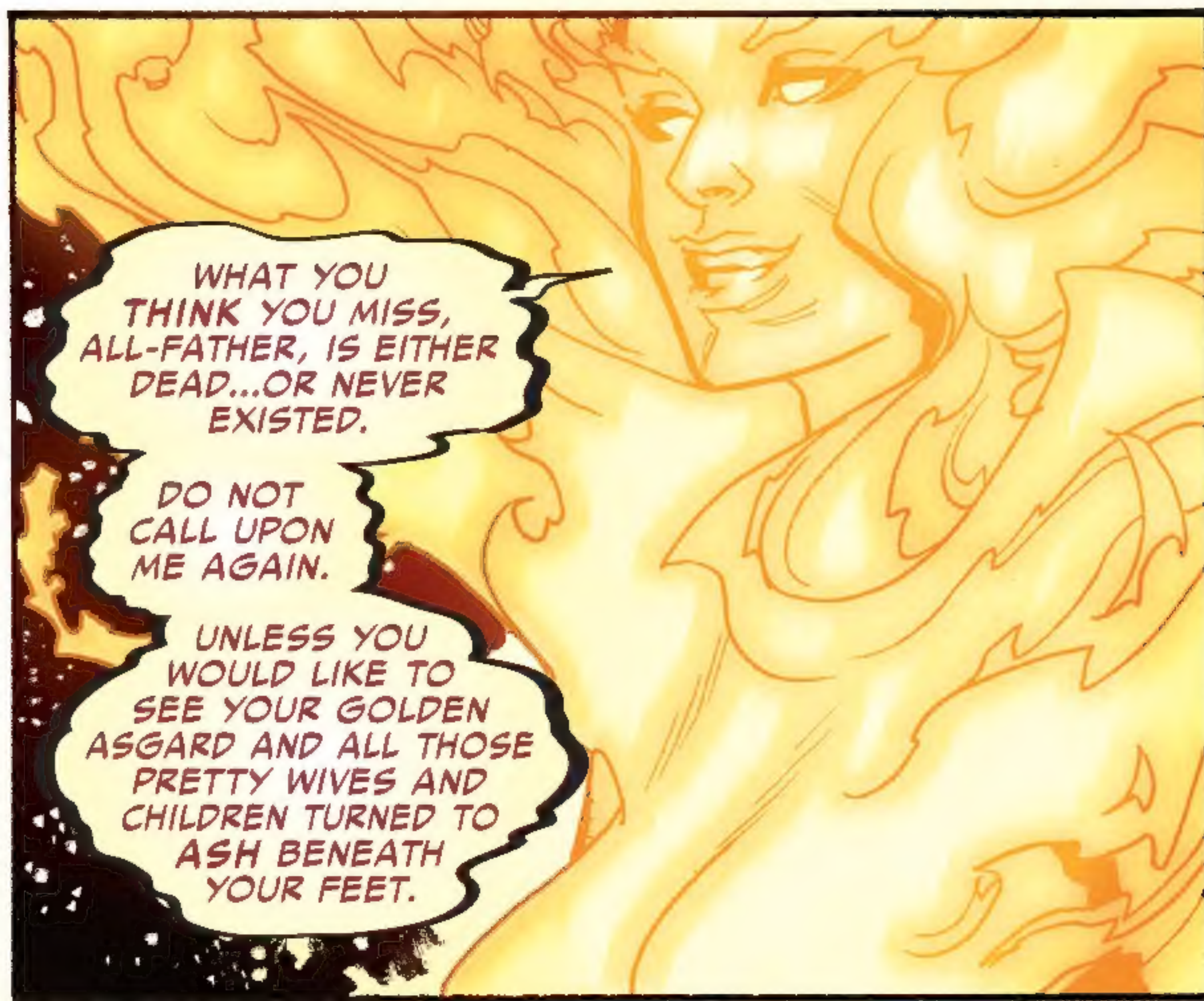
NO.
I REMEMBER
THOSE TIMES
WELL.



EACH AND
EVERY SECOND
IS SEARED INTO
MY BRAIN.

I MISS
THOSE TIMES.

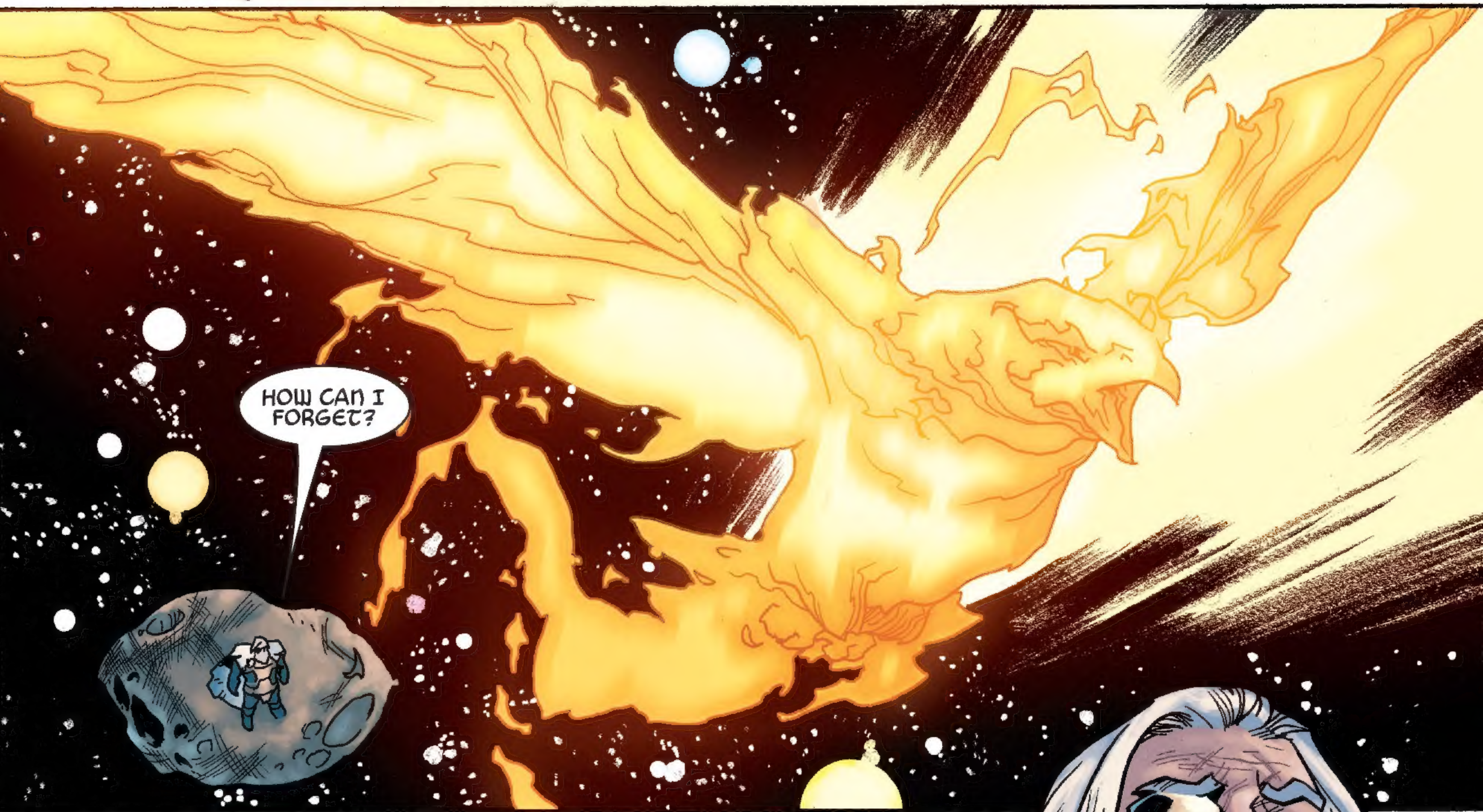
I MISS
YOU.



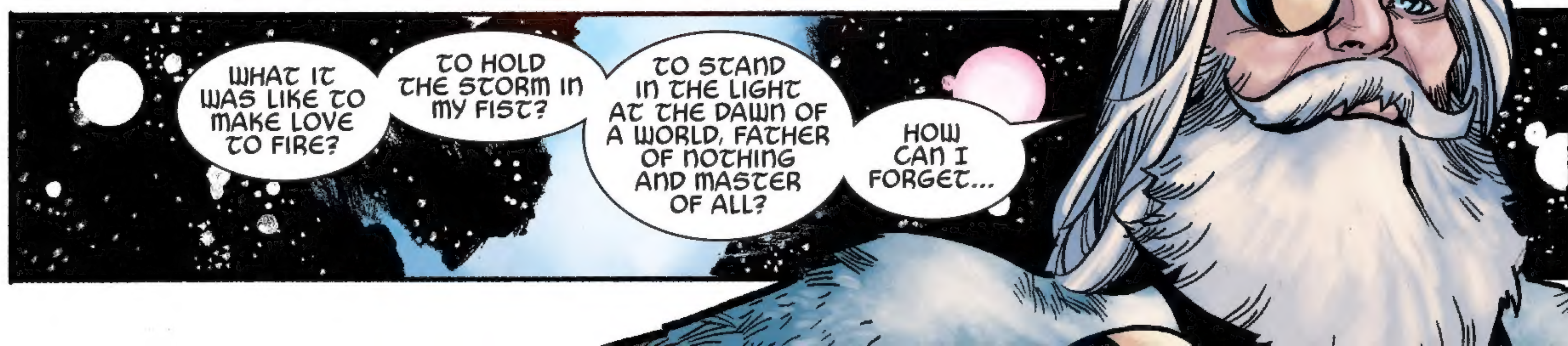
WHAT YOU
THINK YOU MISS,
ALL-FATHER, IS EITHER
DEAD...OR NEVER
EXISTED.

DO NOT
CALL UPON
ME AGAIN.

UNLESS YOU
WOULD LIKE TO
SEE YOUR GOLDEN
ASGARD AND ALL THOSE
PRETTY WIVES AND
CHILDREN TURNED TO
ASH BENEATH
YOUR FEET.



HOW CAN I
FORGET?




WHAT IT
WAS LIKE TO
MAKE LOVE
TO FIRE?

TO HOLD
THE STORM IN
MY FIST?

TO STAND
IN THE LIGHT
AT THE DAWN OF
A WORLD, FATHER
OF NOTHING
AND MASTER
OF ALL?

HOW
CAN I
FORGET...



"...THE ONE TIME
IN MILLENNIA WHEN
I WAS TRULY ALIVE?"

**NEXT: THOR AGAINST THOR IN THE MIGHTY THOR #23 !
AND FOR MORE ODIN + PHOENIX, DON'T MISS MARVEL LEGACY #1 !**

